

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)  
Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.  
SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

## THE CHILD HEART.

The summer sun may shrink the rill  
Till all its course is crannied clay,  
Yet in some green ridge far away,  
The fountain-head is welling still.

Such is his lot whose youth is past—  
Whose noon of life straightway departs,  
If in his bristled heart of hearts  
His childhood dwells serene and fast.

The winds heroic news still bruit,  
The woods enchanted murmur make,  
And all the world that Nature spake  
In his young ear grows never mute.

His childhood's God lives in the sky,  
And breaks the seasons to the earth;  
Days' new-blown fire, red evening's  
hearth.

Wave wonder-scrolls before his eye,  
Of all the flowers the round year brings  
He loves the faint pearl-colored blooms,  
That wear, through April's smiles and glooms,  
Memorial looks of youngest springs.

He yet can find a relish keen  
In foods and drinks his childhood  
sought,  
In cups of milk, and honey brought  
From hives within the forest green;

In berries speared on grassy bent,  
Dusk berries from the bramble wastes;  
In each and all of these he tastes  
I know not what of deep content!

And never falls upon his ear  
Such benison from Music's tongue  
As in those hymns his mother sung  
In summer twilight dim and dear!

The years no tenderness can steal;  
Him as a child the shaft can wound;  
But since his heart beats true and  
sound,  
Him as a child the balm can heal.

His joys and griefs, as they were wont,  
Travel the same heart-avenues;  
A vernal hope his step pursues—  
The snowflakes gather on his front!

Old Time despairs to make him old,  
And when from out the veiled deep  
The still Voice calleth him to sleep,  
He as a child his eyes shall fold.

—Edith M. Thomas, in *Congregationalist*.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS

IT HAD been a very hot day, but a shower had laid the dust, and now teams were seen emerging from the various lanes into the turnpike, all going down to meet the train from New York.

In the wide porch of Farmer Morris' old homestead stood his daughter Millicent. The occupants of the passing wagons nodded to her as they went by. Her own team waited under the maples near, but Millicent seemed in no hurry to go. She was thinking; thought was twisted in the coils of her soft, brown hair, expressed in the grave lines of her usually laughing face and in the deep, gray eyes, that at present were watching the footpath across the meadows that led to the Calder farm.

Millicent Morris, Martha Graves, Will Ellis and Adam Calder, children of neighboring farmers, had grown up together, a happy, inseparable band. When there had been childish differences between them it had always been Martha and Will on one side, and Millicent and Adam on the other; and she had grown up to feel that he belonged to her. Of course he belonged to her; it would be absurd to think of his marrying anyone else, and yet—he had kept away from her so much of late she could not understand it. Martha had just left her. Will Ellis and she were to be married in September, and she was naturally full of happiness. But to pretty Millicent, as she stood watching the path along which no one came, life seemed at present rather disappointing. Well! She might as well go to the station, too.

Around a newly emptied ashcan in one of the dirtiest streets on the extreme west side of the city three ragged urchins were gathered, peering eagerly down into its depth and all talking excitedly. "I want it! It's mine! Tum up, Jenny! Tum up!" These were the continuous exclamations of the smallest of the three, as she reached her grimy hands down into the grimmer depths. From the abyss, in answer to the call for "Jenny," came a faint, sickly mew, unnoticed, or laughed at by the loungers about the sidewalks and doors of the tenements. There seemed no help for the kitten, until by the combined efforts of its three friends pulling together on one side the cat tipped over and children and can rolled together into the gutter. From its depths crawled the skeleton of a kitten, dragged and weak, but not without spirit. No sooner did it appear than a big, rough boy (who had thrown it into the can) seized it and was about to put it high up on the lamp-post out of its owner's reach, when the kitten, squirming around, planted all of its forepaws in his hand, just as little three-year-old Kit, learned already in modes of warfare current in the vicinity, set her sharp little teeth in the calf of his leg. The sudden and severe attack made him drop the kitten. Kit seized it and hugging it in an overclose embrace, exclaimed: "I yubs it! I yubs it!" and pressed its dirty little face to her own dirty face rapturously.

The big boy was not really bad; he was only having fun in his own way, and so he did not strike Kit, or kick the cat, as he might have done unmolested; he just rubbed his leg ruefully, used strong language and threatened what he would do. Then, stirred to anger by the laugh of those around him, he offered to fight anyone who laughed again. Some one did laugh, a ring was formed and a fight seemed imminent; but just then came a new diversion. A murmur was heard on the outside of the crowd, a quiet looking lady was coming up the street, and from mouth to mouth and all along the block was heard the exclamation:

"The country! The country! The kids are going to the country!" The fight was off. Kit was forgotten.

The lady was one of the agents of the great fresh air charity, and had come to collect a party that was to leave the city that day. They came out from the tenements all along the block by twos and threes, and in squads; there was great running to and fro, a general stir throughout the neighborhood; everyone came out to see them off.

They were ready at last, 60 in all. The lady had pinned on the last of the blue badges by which they were to be recognized when she became conscious of a small ragged figure which followed her about, and a very earnest voice which said, as it had been persistently saying: "Kit'll go, too! Kit wants to go! Gimme a wibbon!" "You want to go, baby? I should love to take you," said the lady. "Where is your mother?" "Why didn't she speak to me before?" "She ain't got no mother; her mother's dead. She just stays around and no one takes care of her; please let her go." It was the big, rough boy who spoke for her now, and Kit sidled up to him in entire confidence and said in the most amiable manner, as though granting a favor: "Kit'll go."

A few questions to the women about brought out Kit's history. Her parents were poor but decent folk; her father had been killed in a railroad accident while seeking employment a year before. Sorrow and hard work had been too much for the mother, who was a delicate woman, and she had died two months ago, leaving Kit to the neighbors. They were all ready to feed her and give her sleeping room, and so she had gone from one to another as she chose, she and her kitten. But there was no one whose duty it was to clean and clothe and mother her, and "the Island" would at last be her place. The party was full, but the agent decided to take her. Some farmer might have pity on the little waif. She would be responsible for Kit's safe return, at any rate. Safe return! As though anyone would ever ask if Kit were safe or not! So the baby tramp and her pet were badged with the blue ribbon and went with the party.

The station at C—was an unusually busy place this afternoon, farm wagons were drawn up under the trees all along the road; wagons from nearby farms and from away back in the country. The fresh air children from New York were to come by this train; and the farmers who had agreed to take them each for a visit to their own homes awaited them. Amid a crowd of men at one end of the platform stood Adam, a great, sun-browned, blue-eyed giant. Milly's love for him was returned in overflowing measure, but with its growth a shrinking diffidence had taken possession of him, until now he was almost afraid to meet the questioning of her gray eyes. He loved her more than he could express; he had tried to tell her once, but had made such a wretched blunder of it! He had managed to say something which had offended her when he was trying his utmost to show his devotion; and now he could never do it again, though his whole being cried out with desire for her love and companionship. He was thinking all this as he leaned against a post of the platform, and paying little attention to anything but the movements of Millicent, as she went in and out among the groups of people.

What was happening meanwhile was this. The train came up, stopped and from it poured a troop of children—"fresh airs," 61 in all. A lady handed the station master a list, reentered the train, and it moved on to the next station to leave more children. Then the agent called out from the list by twos the names of the children and the name of the farmer pledged to take them. Two by two they entered the wagons and were driven away to the houses that were to shelter them for a season. There remained on the platform one unclaimed infant, a little blue-eyed scrap, her toes protruding from her shoes, her ragged hair hanging down between her shoulders, a forlorn-looking kitten held tightly in her arms—Kit, homeless, friendless, in the midst of strangers. If no one had compassion on her she was to stay until the following day with the station agent, when the lady on her return trip would pick her up.

All undismayed by her situation Kit had been deciding for herself, and now, her deliberations ended, she went directly to Adam, put her hand in his, and said confidently: "I'll go with you, Jenny's tired, you'd better carry her." And bewildered Adam took the kitten unresistingly, amid the laughter of the crowd. Millicent watched them closely; she had decided to take the little one herself, but now she would wait to see what Adam would do. Poor Adam! He had no family of his own. The Widow Wells was his housekeeper, and she did not care for children and disliked cats. He really wanted to take the child. It was such a short time, perhaps she might be willing. "Tum," said the little one, impatient of his thinking. "Let's do home. Kit's hungry." This decided him, and, exclaiming: "All right, baby, we'll try it," he lifted her in his arms and turned to go. As he did so, grateful Kit threw her arms around his neck, and with a deep, satisfied: "Fank you," kissed him fervently to the delight of his neighbors, who cheered them lustily as they disappeared down the road.

This was too much for Millicent. What a hero he was to her just then, to bear the laughing remarks of the crowd as he did! He never could care for that baby; she must get him to let her have it. "Hadin't you better get in and ride, Adam?" she asked as she overtook him on the road, and Adam, who was already beginning to wonder what he should say when he met the widow, accepted gladly, realizing that there was a real help in trouble. Kit looked at her for a few moments and then deciding that she was all right,

asked: "Are you his mudder?" and receiving a negative answer: "Don't he want you to be his mudder?" Poor Adam! He would gladly have answered yes if he could not have otherwise; but Kit followed up this question with one to him: "Does he get junk sometimes?" And amid the merriment caused by this unexpected query they arrived at the farm, and all went in to meet the widow. She objected seriously; she did not so much mind the child, but she had a natural horror of cats, and could not stand the kitten, but Kit and Jenny could not be parted. Millicent begged for both, and at least coaxed for the cat, but in response to all her efforts Kit's only answer was to sidle up to Adam and say decidedly: "We's goin' to stay with you." And they did stay.

During the weeks that followed the footpath between the farms became again well worn. Milly and Kit were firm friends. It was Milly who made her new clothes, Milly with whom she spent a good portion of each day, Milly who curled her hair and petted her cat, and she grew very fond of her. But it was Adam who had her warmest regards ("Fader Adam," as Milly had taught her to say), and she went back to him every night if by any chance he did not come to her.

Between Kit and the Widow Wells there was no love, and the cat had been a continual grief. At last there came a day when it distinguished itself and brought about an end of the trouble. Since the day when Adam, coming suddenly into the kitchen, had found the housekeeper, with nervous horror on her countenance, mounted on a chair, while the kitten rubbed, purring, against its legs, he had tried to keep it out of the house; but the cat, like its mistress, knew its own mind, and its special delight was the kitchen hearth.

On the day in question it lay there, stretched at full length in comfort, while Kit was playing near by. Mrs. Wells came in and stooped down to look at some pies that were baking in the oven. The kitten, with a playful purr, sprang to her shoulder and began rubbing its head against her. In a frenzy of fear she flung it from her and it struck in its descent the handle of a saucepan which was full of boiling water, upsetting it over itself, the widow and Kit. The outcries of the three brought Adam in haste from a nearby field, to find Mrs. Wells with a badly-scalded foot, while Kit, with one hand wrapped in her apron, carrying the yowling kitten in the other, had started across the field to Millicent, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she went.

First helping Mrs. Wells, whose injury was severe, and calling some one to wait upon her, he started after Kit and arrived just in time to see her throw herself into Millicent's lap and hear her exclaim between her sobs: "Oh, Milly! Do tum and be our mudder! We want you so! Adam and I does—please tum and take care of us!" And dropping on the settle beside them he found voice to say: "Yes, do come and take care of us, Milly, we want you so—at least Adam does. Will you, Milly?"

Later in the evening when the burns of Kit and the cat had been dressed and they were both sleeping, and Adam had explained that he had rather have her as a wife than as a mother, happy Milly said to him: "You stupid old Adam! I believe you never would have told me if it hadn't been for Kit." Then seriously: "Let's keep her always, Adam. I could not bear to think of her going back to that awful life!" Adam agreed heartily. And so it came that when shortly after this Adam brought Milly home to take care of him and his, Kit, dressed in white and looking very different from the New York waif, divided honors with the bride. And the kitten, decorated with an elaborate pink bow, stretched itself in undisputed possession on the kitchen hearth.—N. Y. Tribune.

## QUEER NAMES FOR INFANTS.

Parents Sometimes Confer Preposterous Cognomens Upon Their Offspring.

At Ramsbury manor, England, there once resided a pouter's family of the name of Duck. The third son was to be christened and the mother wanted the name to be William. Just before starting for the church the nurse ran upstairs to the father, who was laid up with gout, to tell him they were off. "What be going to call 'un, nurse?" "Missus says it's to be William," was the reply. "William be blowed," said the invalid. "Call 'un plain Bill." In accordance with these laconic instructions the nurse gave the name of Plainbill to the clergyman, and the infant was christened accordingly.

In an even funnier way is the queer Christian name of One Tichiner, of Peckham, accounted for. When his parents and sponsors arrived at the church his name had not been settled upon, and when the clergyman said: "Name the child," one of the friends said: "John," and another said: "Oh, no," meaning not John, and as no one else spoke, the clergyman thought that was to be his name and baptized him Ono.

A clergyman's son vouches for the following: "My father was baptizing a boy of six years of age. The names given were Benjamin Joseph. After the ceremony he said to the boy: 'You have two very good names, and you ought to be a good boy. How did you come by them?' 'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'we was twixt and the other died.'"

## An Early Automobile.

An automobile was made in England as long ago as 1834. It was run by steam, the boiler being located in the rear.

Maxim Gun Drill in Canada. Maxim gun drill is now carried on in the various schools of instruction in Canada.

## RUNNING BAREFOOT.

Precautions to Be Taken When the Children Take Their Barefoot Holiday.

One of the delights of childhood is that of running barefoot. There seems to be an instinct, inherited perhaps from savage ancestors, which impels a child to throw off the foot-covering and walk about in all the delightful freedom of unshod feet.

Mothers who indulge their children in this respect are wise. Many of our instincts may safely and even beneficially be yielded to in moderation; and this is one of them. One of our "weak spots" is the foot, and we are, perhaps, oftener predisposed to colds and other maladies by damp and chilled feet than by anything else. Whatever tends to toughen the feet, therefore, makes the individual so much the less liable to disease, says Youth's Companion.

Mothers are often perplexed as to how far they may safely indulge their children in this longing for going barefoot. They cannot feel that it is safe to let a boy or girl run about barefoot on wet grass, play with bare feet in damp sand, or continue to go out without shoes and stockings when a cold and wet day breaks a hot spell. It might not be prudent to let a child begin in this way in the early spring, after having been in shoes and stockings, and perhaps rubbers, all winter. But before the summer is over all such anxiety may be put aside.

Of course there are certain precautions that should be taken, for the human foot cannot safely be neglected, like the well-protected paws of a cat or dog. The child should not be allowed to run about in the neighborhood of barns, blacksmith and carpenter shops, and other places where there are likely to be rusty nails, splinters of wood, broken crockery and the like; nor should he go far afield over rough ground, where he would probably get stone bruises.

When first beginning his barefoot holiday the boy should put on thin socks and light, easy shoes or slippers at dusk, and should go footclad on really cold days. After tramping in mud and wet his feet should be bathed in cold water, dried and "socked" as soon as he comes in the house.

A summer of this freedom from shoes, with its toughening of the feet and the system in general, will ensure for the child a winter practically free from the "snuffles"—but he will need shoes of a larger size in the autumn.

## OLD RASTUS' FAIRY TALE.

To Which the Court Took Exception and Levied a Fine for Lying.

"Rastus Mullins," said the recorder to an old negro who was here when "Ole Abe sot de niggers free," "the officer states he heard you cursing and scotching for three or four squares away, and your wife says you got mad at her, tore up your Sunday-go-to-meeting hat, broke up nearly all the furniture in the house, run everybody out of the yard and then cursed till the air sizzled with profane pyrotechnics." "Massah," replied old Rastus, relates the Atlanta Constitution, jerking his bald and white fringed head around until his smile beamed on all the assembly, "Massah, de ole nigger is bleegee ter fess dat he war mad as er zasperated yaller jacket dis mawnin', 'an' de ole nigger is bleegee ter git mad at some tings."

"Well, what made you mad this mornin'?" the recorder asked. "Whut made ole Rastus mad dis mawnin', massah," replied the aged prisoner, "was becase dis wife ob mine tol' dat census man some tings on ole Rastus whet she ougter kep' her mouf shut erbout."

"Go on and tell me what she told the census man which you did not wish her to tell," said the recorder. Old Rastus shook his head slowly a time or two, mopped his bald head with his handanna, and said:

"Massah, dat wife ob mine tol' dat census man dat I war er great-granddaddy; dat I smoked terbaccy, chawed terbaccy and drunk corn licker; dat I've been 'scused ob stealin' chickens twict, and dat I was er ungoldy 'an' enrijus ole foot nigger. But eben all ob dat nebber riled the ole man berry much."

"Well, hurry up and tell me what did make you mad?" the recorder told him. "Massah," replied old Rastus, mournfully, "she de las' ob hit tol' dat census man dat I war hankerin' after war millions outen der season, 'an'—"

"Rastus," said Recorder Broyles, "I was about to let you go, but I'll fine you \$3.75 for that tale you are trying to stuff this court with."

The old man gazed in a mystified way around him and flashed the money from a tobacco sack as he mumbled: "Dar now, Liza tol' me ter keep my mouf shut er tell er truff erbout dem drams ob corn licker."

## Notes on Washing.

Wash black lace with rain water, to which a teaspoonful of borax and a tablespoonful of alcohol has been added to every pint. Sew cotton on a bottle smoothly and wind the lace over it. Pull out the edge and baste it down on the bottle. Wash white lace with boiling water and borax soap, after first basting it on a bottle covered with white cotton. Let the lace dry on the bottle. Cream tinted lace should be dipped in weak coffee water.—N. Y. Tribune.

## Delicate Potatoes.

Chop very fine one quart of cold boiled potatoes, put them into a saucepan with one cup of cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt and pepper, stir until hot, then turn into a baking dish, cover with bread or cracker crumbs, and bake brown in a brisk oven.—Good Housekeeping.

## THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

The world's births amount to 36,792,000 every year.

A nine-year-old child has been arrested in Philadelphia for shoplifting. She is the youngest prisoner ever held in the city jail.

The average number of children per family in European countries is lowest in France, with 3.03; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.03; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.56; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83; while Ireland is highest, with an average of 5.20 children in each family.

Cyclones or general storms may be 1,000 miles in a diameter. Hurricanes operate on a path averaging 600 to 800 miles wide. Tornadoes are much smaller. They may be only a mile wide at the top, and but a few feet at the bottom, but they are much more dangerous than either a cyclone or a hurricane.

Pawnbrokers take some curious pledges, but it is not often that they are offered one from another world. A London suburban pawnshop, however, exhibits in its window as an unredeemed pledge a magnificent aerolite, a mass of fused metal that fell as it were from Heaven to provide a poor man with his beer. A ticket bears the statement that it was brought from the Arctic regions by a sailor.

## ROYALTY OF EUROPE.

The duke of Connaught is to-day, next to the queen, the most popular member of the royal family. His popularity among the soldiers is only equaled by that of Lord Roberts.

Queen Wilhelmina has spent much time of late painting from life. She uses as her models the guards on sentry at her own palace. They are easily sketched from the windows while at their posts.

The German emperor has expressed a desire to furnish three sea pieces, painted by himself, for the decoration of Queen Victoria's yacht, soon to be completed. The kaiser's own yacht is adorned by many of his own paintings.

Russia's czarina has organized an association of Russian women in reduced circumstances, who are almost constantly employed for embroidery for ecclesiastical purposes or for court dresses.

A correspondent of a London paper says that there is a particular spot in the palace at Laeken with a pedestal upon which are miniature busts of the prince and princess of Wales. It was there that the king of the Belgians introduced these royal personages to each other, and his majesty considers that incident one of the pleasantest reminiscences of his long reign.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

For an army of 30,000 men and 10,000 horses for three months it is estimated that 11,000 tons of food and forage are necessary.

In Easton, Pa., Jasper Beeman, in default of fines aggregating \$8.04, imposed for uttering 12 oaths, was sent to the county prison for 288 hours.

The Adirondack mountains embrace an area of over 2,800,000 acres, and in this great area fully 300 mountain peaks rise to altitudes ranging from 1,200 to 5,000 feet.

The largest carpet in the world is in Windsor castle. It is 40 feet in breadth and contains 58,840,000 stitches. The weaving of it occupied 28 men 14 months.

Chinese consulates pay, with two exceptions, \$3,500 with fees. Shanghai is a \$5,000 place while Chefoo pays only \$2,500. Hong-Kong pays \$5,000. The notarial fees are, as a rule, only a few hundred dollars.

## MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Aug. 11.  
CATTLE—Common ..\$3 25 @ 4 25  
Select butchers .. 5 15 @ 5 25  
CALVES—Extras .. 6 75 @ 6 75  
HOGS—Select packers 5 40 @ 5 45  
Mixed packers .. 5 30 @ 5 40  
SHEEP—Choice .. 4 00 @ 4 15  
LAMB—Extras .. 6 35 @ 6 50  
FLOUR—Spring pat. 4 00 @ 4 50  
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. @ 76  
CORN—No. 2 mixed .. @ 42  
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. @ 23 1/2  
RYE—No. 2 .. @ 52 1/2  
HAY—Ch. timothy .. @ 15 25  
PORK—Mess .. @ 12 05  
LARD—Steam .. @ 6 52 1/2  
BUTTER—Ch. dairy .. @ 14  
Choice creamery .. @ 21 1/2  
APPLES—Ch. to fancy 2 25 @ 2 50  
POTATOES—Per brl. 1 00 @ 1 10  
TOBACCO—New .. 1 70 @ 9 95  
Old .. 10 00 @ 16 75

CHICAGO.  
FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 80 @ 4 00  
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. @ 76 1/2  
No. 3 spring .. 68 @ 72 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 .. 39 @ 39 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 .. 22 @ 22 1/2  
RYE .. @ 49 1/2  
PORK—Mess .. 11 60 @ 11 65  
LARD—Steam .. @ 6 67 1/2

NEW YORK.  
FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 90 @ 4 15  
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. @ 82 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed .. @ 45 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. @ 28 1/2  
RYE .. @ 56 1/2  
PORK—Mess .. 12 75 @ 13 50  
LARD—Steam .. @ 7 00

BALTIMORE.  
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 72 1/2 @ 72 3/4  
Southern .. 69 @ 70 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 41 1/2 @ 41 3/4  
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 25 1/2 @ 26  
CATTLE—First qual. 5 00 @ 5 50  
HOGS—Western .. 6 00 @ 6 10

INDIANAPOLIS.  
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. @ 75 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed .. @ 41 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed .. @ 24 1/2

LOUISVILLE.  
FLOUR—Win. patent. 4 00 @ 4 50  
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. @ 73  
CORN—Mixed .. @ 43 1/2  
OATS—Mixed .. @ 27 1/2  
PORK—Mess .. @ 13 00  
LARD—Steam .. @ 7 00

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